Em. I am glad I haue found this napkin; *Exit* Oth. *And* Def.
This was her first remembrance from the Moore;
My wayward husband, hath a hundred times
Wooed me to steale it, but he so loues the token,
For he coniur'd her, she should euer keepe it,
That she reserues it euer more about her,
To kisse, and talke to; He ha the worke tane out,
And giu't *Iago:* what he'l doe with it,
Heauen knowes, not I, *Enter* Iago.
I nothing, but to please his fantasie.

Iag. How now, what doe you here alone?

Em. Doe not you chide, I haue a thing for you.

Iag. A thing for me, it is a common thing—

Em. Ha?

Iag To haue a foolish wife.

Em. O, is that all? what will you giue me now,
For that same handkerchiefe?

Iag. What handkerchiefe?

Em. What handkerchiefe?
Why that the Moore first gaue to *Desdemona*,
That which so often you did bid me steale.

Iag. Ha'st stole it from her?

Em. No faith, she let it drop by negligence,
And to the aduantage, I being here, tooke it vp
Looke, here it is.

Iag. A good wench giue it me.

Em. What will you doe with it,
That you haue bin so earnest to haue me filch it?

Iag. Why, what's that to you?

Em. If't be not for some purpose of import,
Giue mee't againe, poore Lady, shee'l run mad
When she shall lacke it.

Iag. Be not you acknowne on't, I haue vse for it:—go leaue me;
I will in *Cassio's* lodging lose this napkin, *Exit* Em.
And let him find it: Trifles light as ayre,
Are to the iealous, confirmations strong
As proofes of holy Writ, this may doe something:
The Moore already changes with my poison,

Dan-

Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons
Which at the first are scarce found to distast;
But with a little act vpon the blood,
Burne like the mines of sulphure: I did say so
Look where he comes, not Poppy, nor Mandra
Nor all the drousie siropps of the world,
Shall euer medecine thee to that sweet sleepe,
Which thou owedst yesterday.

Oth. Ha, ha, false to me, to me?

Iag. Why how now Generall? no more of t

Ot. Auant, be gon, thou hast set me on the r
I sweare, tis better to be much abus'd,
Then but to know't a little.

Iag. How now, my Lord?

Oth. What sence had I of her stolne houres o
I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me,
I slept the next night well, was free, and merr
I found not *Cassio's* kisses on her lips;
He that is rob'd, not wanting what is stolne,
Let him not know't, and hee's not rob'd at all.

Iag. I am sorry to heare this.

Oth. I had bin happy if the generall Camp
Pyoners, and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing knowne: O now for euer
Farewell the tranquile mind, farewell content
Farewell the plumed troope, and the big warr
That makes ambition vertue: O farewell,
Farewell the neighing Steed, and the shrill Tru
The spirit-stirring Drumme, the eare-peircing
The royall Banner, and all quality,
Pride, pompe, and circumstance of glorious w
And, O ye mortall Engines, whose wide throat
The immortal *Ioues* great clamors counterfeit
Farewell, *Othelloe's* Occupation's gone.

Iag. Ist possible my Lord?

Oth. Villaine, be sure thou proue my Loue
Be sure of it, giue me the ocular proofe,
Or by the worth of my eternall soule,